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CHIPS AND WHETSTONES

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Chips and Whetstones

By

Geo. W. Atkinson

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR

1908

Tribune Printing Co.
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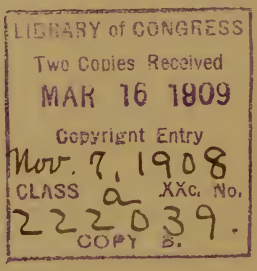

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To my beloved Wife,
ALMIRA LOUISE ATKINSON,
This volume is affectionately dedicated.

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PREFACE.

This volume I have entitled correctly, I think, CHIPS AND WHETSTONES. I began many years ago, at odd times only, to express some of my thoughts in verse, *according to the established rules of poetic expression,* and thus far I have never printed any of my productions in this line of literary effort. Recently I have carefully gone over quite a lot of my manuscripts, and believing them to be unworthy of publication, I consigned them to the flames. Doubtless many of my severe critics will say, all of them should have been disposed of in the same manner. Be this as it may, some of them I did not destroy, and I have printed them in book form herein. Whether any of them is meritorious, I leave the reader to decide. I am quite sure, however, no one will be *harmed* by reading the few productions I have published, out of the

many I have written, covering a period of more than forty years. The few that I have printed are offered only for what they are worth, and no apology is extended for their publication. I may say modestly, however, I have but little fear of *competent criticism;* and as lawyers say, I will endeavor to "justify," when the axe falls in the hands of those who know how to wield it.

To my old friend, the Reverend Henry J. Boatman, of California,—a man of large and varied literary attainments—I am greatly indebted for many valuable and helpful suggestions in the preparation of these pages.

G. W. A.

Charleston, West Va., September, 1908.

OUR RECORDS.

As melts the snow beneath the sun,
So vanish words when spoken;
We soon forget the deeds we've done,
The promises we've broken.

We seem to feel all wrong acts die
As soon as they're forgotten;
Ah! vain the thought—it is a lie,
And of the wish begotten.

For, silent as the snowflakes fall,
A record we are writing
Of all our acts, the great, the small,
And every fault indicting.

Unlike the snow that melts away,
Those lines with all their shading
Are written once and yet for aye—
That record is unfading.

God pity all who fearless are
Of records not inviting,
Which in His Book so white and fair,
The many now are writing.

A record not for time alone,
That all mankind are framing,
In sun or shade, should every one,
For nobler deeds be aiming.

As clean as snow, as dear as gold,
Thine actions all recorded;
The Judge will come, the scroll unfold,
And thou wilt be rewarded:—

A passport true to endless rest,
In heaven's own light and glory,
We'll read it there among the blest,
And oft repeat the story.

So write: and no false entry make;
Nor blot nor blur shall never
A joy from thee or others take,
For ever and for ever.

IN THE DARKNESS OF NIGHT.

Like a gem that bedecks the cerulean dome
Is the "Night-blooming Ceres" when it breaks from its home
In the womb of the bud for a place that is fair,
And breathes forth its sweets on the calm evening air;
As it opes wide its petals thus born in the night,
To prepare them to meet with the sun's scorching light:
So are earth's rarest jewels like flowers that bloom
In the dakness of night all shrouded in gloom;
The tones of the harp to our ears sound the best
When Nature is sleeping and the world is at rest.
But sweeter than flowers is the River of Life,
Which drowns every sorrow and quells every strife;
For it flows from the land of the blest and the pure,
And it fixes the heart on the things that endure.
Thus our lives are made sweeter, more joyous and bright
By the thoughts which are born in the blackness of night.
May the flowers bloom on, and the music ne'er cease,
As we journey through life with the Master's sweet peace.

LOVE'S "FORGET-ME-NOT."

What is Love? I know not;
Yet to the heart it clings,
Flowing as unfailing springs,
And to the weary brings,
If 'tis our lot.

What is Love? They alone can tell
Whose hearts it once has taken
By impulses which awaken
And the higher nature shaken
By pulsations divine, of which none can tell.

But what is Love? Don't be deceived.
By things which come our way,
We are often led astray,
And we miss the narrow way,
Oh! how often we are grieved.

What is Love? It's the Seraphs lot
To tell. For it's divine—eternal,
Which makes the world fraternal
With peace and joy supernal:
It ever lives—dear friend forget-me-not.

"BILL MORRIS"—WHO WAS A SOLDIER.

Bill Morris was a man of friendly mien imposing,
But in morals weak, and lacking that sterner sort of stuff
Which heavy weighs with some, but with others mere disposing,
Because Morris at his best, was an ashler in the rough.

Like "Ben Battle," Bill was dubbed a soldier brave and bold,
Though mostly by himself, and not by those with whom he mustered
On field, in trench, in South and West, 'mid rain and heat and cold;
But when war's tocsins ended, around him honors clustered.

Bill was generous and kind, and likewise very clever,
And death would rather choose, than a wrongful deed to do;
But so weak was he in morals, it was said, he never
Could discriminate misleading statements from the true.

It was in the early Sixties, when the clouds of war
were lowering,
And the Country of our Fathers was struggling
for its life,
That Morris went with musket, and a "dog-tent"
for his covering,
That his country might be saved from the throes
of civil strife.

In that long and drawn-out conflict, Bill plumed
himself a patriot,
For to hear him tell his exploits, he rarely had
a match
On field 'mid rain of bullets; by skill and native
shrewdness,
He from death and danger 'merged, without a
single scratch.

But in truth, Bill was a blow-hard and a silver-
tongued braggart,
Yet nothing he intended, except his many
friends to cheer;
Still, his comrades stoutly claimed that he chose
to be a laggard,
For when cannons roared the loudest Bill's place
was at the rear.

When the Civil War was over, Bill with others homeward marched,
And was limp and lame and spavined, yet was happy and possessed;
Though like other loyal comrades, he was lean and lank and parched,
But at every public gathering, he was honored and caressed.

At thirty-nine Bill's life closed out; 'twas dark and drear and sad;
We stood by him as comrades should, while the shadows gathered fast;
'Twas his last and greatest battle, and to surrender he was glad,
So he closed his eyes and cheerfully across the river passed.

In the grave with Bill we buried, good deeds and bad alike,
And on the stone which marks the spot, these words were plainly writ:
"Bill Morris was a patriot, *who used his mouth to strike*
Disloyalty and treason, and the 'bulls-eye' always hit."

"On the other side of Jordan," where Bill walks
and stalks about,
He'll gather round a mighty throng of "Yanks"
and "Rebs" as *one*,
And down the corridors of time, the word keep
sending out,
Of the battles for the Union that he himself
had won.

Peace to his silent ashes and rest to his braggart
soul,
As from his boastful jargon, free he sleeps be-
neath the sod;
May each surviving comrade write his record on
on a scroll,
In *deeds that talk* of valor for his country and
his God.

THE AUTHOR AT THIRTY YEARS OF AGE.

MAID OF THE CUMBERLAND: OR, THE SAD FATE OF THE MOONSHINER'S DAUGHTER.—A LEGEND OF THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS.

The Plot.

In Putnam County, Tennessee, in the Cumberland Mountains, a family lived by the name of Bleylock. There were two daughters in the household—Jane and Eliza. "Dick" Oscar, a young man who had but little fear of anything, lived with the Bleylocks, and operated an illicit distillery, which, in mountain parlance, is called "moonshining;" that is, making whisky by moonlight. Oscar fell deeply in love with Jane Bleylock, and she reciprocated in the same degree. Capt. "Jim" Davis, the chief of the Government officers in Tennessee, could never locate the Oscar distillery, consequently he sent a young man into that neighborhood, equipped as a peddler, with instructions to remain until he definitely located the distillery. The peddler stopped several weeks at the Bleylock home, courting Eliza, the younger of the sisters, and endeavoring to secure from her the whereabouts of the distillery. In this he totally failed. Meantime Jane Bleylock, from conversations over-

heard between the peddler and Eliza, was satisfied that the peddler was a spy; and as she had grown jealous of "Dick" Oscar, because he was paying too close attention to a neighboring girl by the name of Pond, she volunteered her services and conducted the peddler to the distillery operated by "Dick" Oscar, her two brothers, and her father. The peddler promptly returned to Nashville, and in a few days conducted a raiding party to the distillery, who destroyed it, arrested the parties who operated it, and conveyed them before the United States court at Nashville. They were tried before Judge Key and were sentenced to an imprisonment of six months each at hard labor in the Nashville penitentiary.

Jane Bleylock accompanied them to Nashville, and remained in the city as a domestic girl during their six months' imprisonment, and when they were released she returned with them to Putnam County. On returning, the family charged upon Eliza the crime of pointing out the location of the distillery. She declared her innocence, but they refused to believe her statements. She was driven from her home, and in a short time absolutely died of a broken heart. The story is in all respects true, as I know of my own personal knowledge.

I.

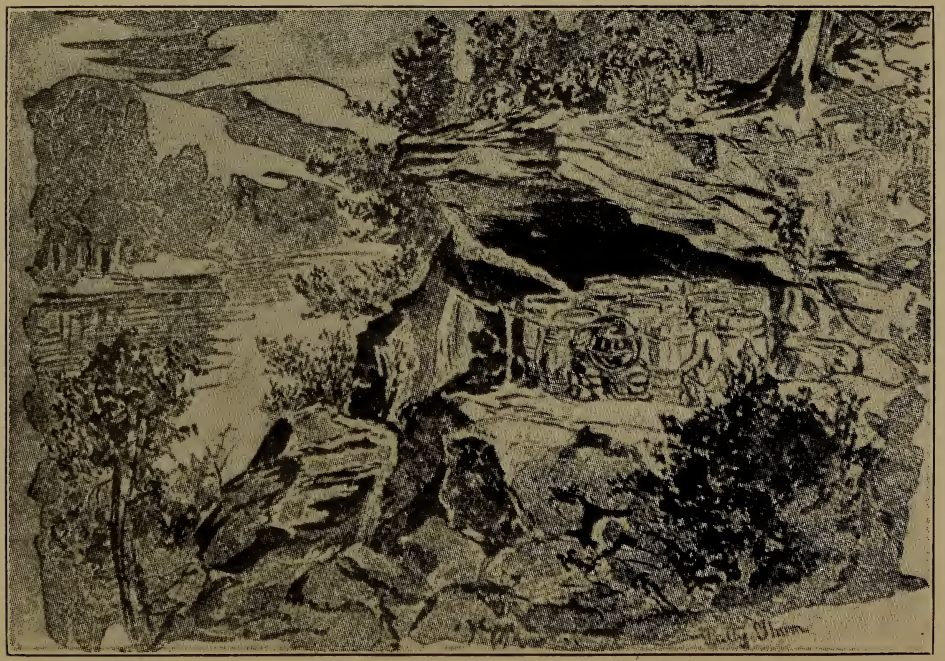
On classic Cumberland's alpine crests
Where golden eagles make their nests;
Where lofty cliff and rocky glen,
And gurgling rivulets descend;
Where towering pine and massive oak
Have reared their heads since Nature spoke,
And bade mankind behold and draw
True wisdom from her righteous law;
Where myriad flowers bright and sweet,
That bloom and die beneath their feet;
Where birds of varied plumage dwell,
From morn till night their music swell
On tree and rock and air and vale,
Till out of sight in ether sail;
Where clouds that float and rills that foam,
And stars that shine in purple dome,
There dwelt, in times gone by, a lass
That calmest judgment makes me class
A heroine of charming mold,
With virtues many yet untold,
Who pined and died in mountains wild
Because her sire disowned his child.

As stars shine brightest in the night,
And shed their radiance all around,
So darkness yields to sweetest light,
And joy from grief is often found.

II.

One's great desire is comfort, ease,
To be at rest, and yet to please
Himself and those with whom he moves,
However much the right he loves.
Through ages past, but one desire
Inspires a class to rise no higher
Than scorn the law and thwart its sway,
To lift men up from error's way.
On railroad trains to steal a ride
Is many's aim and greatest pride;
Thus lawlessness has ever been
A leading trait through ages seen,
Since fruit forbidden in Paradise
Was eaten at the sacrifice
Of death to those that by it lost
Their hope of gain at fearful cost.
So down the ages drifts the thought,
That fools and rascals ever sought,
To reach a goal and leave behind
The faithful toil which others find
In upright life and earnest work,
To climb the hill which none should shirk.

Ambition all should cultivate,
  But curb it with a rightful aim,
Teach one another love of State,
  At sacrifice of private gain.



The Still House of Bleylock and Oscar.

III.

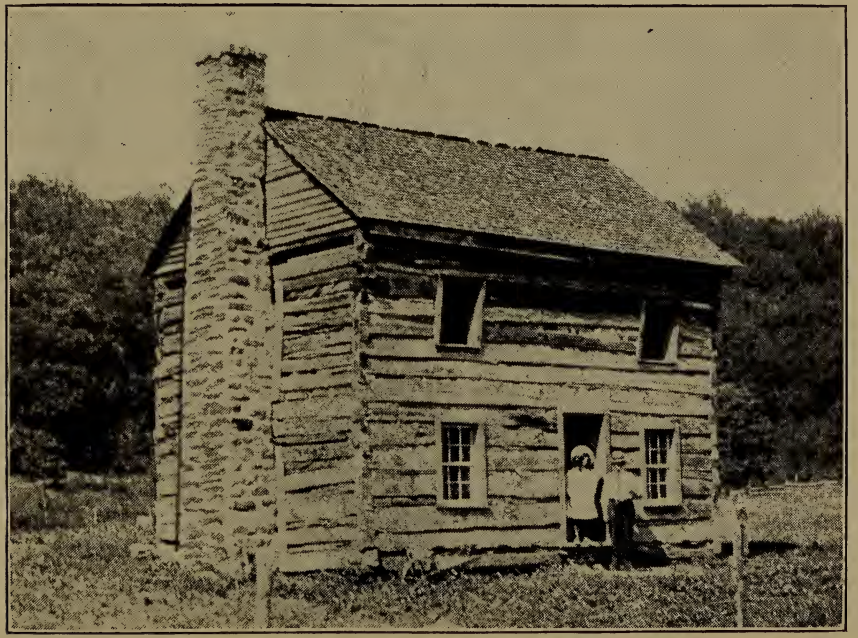
In years agone there thrived a class,
In mountains wild and gorges fast,
Who, like the hunters, took their stand
High up majestic Cumberland.
Their two-fold aim was, first, to make
From corn and rye, their thirst to slake,
The liquid fire, both white and pure,
Which only such men could endure.
Their second aim was to evade
The tax that "Uncle Sam" had laid
On whisky, wine and lager beer
That men will drink from year to year.
Thus, month on month, they ran their stills
In deep ravines hard by their mills;
And officers with guide and gun,
From whom the mountaineers would run
Like deer when frightened in the chase—
None but a horse could keep apace.
To find the whereabouts of stills,
Concealed in cliffs along the hills,
The marshals oft would hunt in vain
Through storm and sleet and snow and rain.

Like bloodhounds through the woods they went
  And couched about till evening gray;
In night's deep darkness, hours they spent,
  Yet rarely missed the rightful way.

IV.

To find these stills, as I have said,
Took patience, perseverance, dread,
And skill and craft and constant toil,
Because the object was to foil
Them in their work of lawlessness
Whose only fruit is pain, distress.
But this they never would admit,
And bravely fought with nerve and grit,
Till "Uncle Sam" with gun and shot
For moonshine 'stillers made it hot;
So hot, that they were glad to quit
And honor law, and thus admit
It never pays to violate
The laws of either Church or State.
"Jim" Davis, who was noble, brave,
The "powers that be" commission gave
To teach these men respect for law,
Or 'round their necks a halter draw,
"Took up the cudgel" with a will,
And traveled over vale and hill,
From Nashville 'long the Cumberland—
To where the Georgian mountains stand.

'Tis ever brave to do the right,
Yet always mean to falter when
The order comes for one to fight;
This surest test shows who are men.



THE HOME OF THE BLEYLOCKS.

V.

'Mid Putnam County's rugged hills
A family dwelt with iron wills,
With muscles tough and hard as flint,
As God endowed them without stint;
Ambitious not for crown or gold,
Or things which perish, tarnish, mold,
But dowered with a love of truth,
And virtue, patience from their youth.
To die was naught, unless it cost
A sacrifice which none had lost,
Of manhood and the right to be
What God had made them—always free.

* * * * * * * *

These Bleylocks lived in modest way,
And paid their debts, their neighbors say;
They dressed becoming mountain life,
And tilled the soil—kept out of strife.
The only record of a crime
Which could be charged at any time,
To cast dishonor on their fame,
Was making "moonshine"—that's the name
To lawless 'stilling people gave—
A trick of rogues the tax to save.

But to their credit, be it said,
They did not lead the lawless throng;
But by "Dick" Oscar they were led
To reap the whirlwind of their wrong.

VI.

"Dick" Oscar loved a Bleylock maid,
A princess charming Nature made
As any since the silence broke
In Eden, when the Serpent spoke,
And led men down the steep of sin,
When pain and death were ushered in.
Now, "Dick" was of Apollo form,
An athlete who with chest and arm
Of massive strength, and head erect,
And yet whose life was circumspect,
Except one thing—a wicked will
To operate a "moonshine" still.
As Saul among the Prophets old
Stood Oscar, young and brave and bold;
Jane Bleylock loved this moonshine king
With all the passion love could bring;
Her heart was jealous to the core,
And this inflamed it more and more;
Poor "Dick" could never cast a glance
Upon a lass that circumstance
Drew in his way, without exciting
His "Janey" to the pitch of fighting.

Just here a moral may be given
To those that love but love not well:
Poor, jealous hearts are often riven
By pangs of grief too keen to tell.

"Dick" Oscar and His Faithful Steed.

VII.

About this time there came along
A charming peddler, young and strong,
Who carried, strapped upon his back,
Dry goods and notions in a pack.
One day he reached the Bleylock home,
And finding 'Liza all alone,
He laid his pack beside the gate,
Unstrapped and then began to state
His price of things, but not to sell
A single article, yard or ell;
His mission was to "spot" the still
Which Oscar ran beyond the hill.
With all his goods the girl was charmed,
No thought of ill her heart alarmed;
She pressed him to remain awhile
Till for her mother, full a mile,
She went in haste into the woods,
To plead with her to buy the goods.
The matron came—the peddler smiled,
Upon the floor his notions piled;
Then asked to stay a week or more,
For he was weary and foot-sore.

The unsuspecting often are
  Into a snare securely led,
So far that patience will not spare
  Detectives from a holy dread.

VIII.

The peddler 'gan at once to smile
Upon Eliza all the while;
His only hope was in that line,
To read her mind, her thoughts divine,
And round her heart his net to weave
Of love's deceitful make-believe
He worshiped her, and hoped to be
Her husband, if she could but see
In him the virtues to possess
To charm the home, prevent distress,
And guard the precincts God directed
By marriage vows should be protected.
The wily peddler she adored
And on his heart her pure love poured,
They spent their time in love-match making,
While he his notes of "stills" was taking;
Yet never could extort from her
Who ran the "stills" or where they were.
Suspicious were these mountaineers,
And in their minds dwelt constant fears,
Lest "moonshiners" should be molested,
Or by the "Revenues"* arrested.

How easy 'tis do the right,
If sense and reason one consults;
Yet men will toil with main and might,
And never pause to weigh results.

*A name given to all United States officers.

The Peddler.

IX.

These lovers once, beside a spring,
Sat listening to the blue-birds sing,
That thronged the boughs of all the trees,
And filled the air with melodies;
Jane Bleylock chanced to pass along,
Gently chanting a May-day song.

* * * * * * * *

'Twas spring, and sweet the ivy bower
Around them clung with flavored flower;
Eliza taught the Idæan vine,
About the elms to am'rous twine,
And all the hardy plants to bear
The searching keenness of the air.
The morning's dawn reflected hue
Had filled the sky with azure blue,
As mild and soft the clouds were tossed
Across the firmament, and lost
In chaos, as the western breeze
Touched hill and vale and stirred the trees;
High over all they swept along
Like sea-girt waves both high and strong,
"Whose deepening shadows on their breast
Were neither broken nor at rest."

Eliza Bleylock never feared
  Her sister Jane could e'er betray,
Nor to her mind had aught appeared
  Of pain that in her pathway lay.

X.

The peddler never ceased to press
His love for 'Liza, and caress
As gently as the morning dew,
To procure the secret which she knew
Of Oscar's "still" among the rocks,
Which he, as cunning as a fox,
Had slyly worked for many years,
Despite his mother's prayers and tears.
He plead in earnest, but in vain,
From her this secret to obtain.

* * * * * * * *

The peddler cried with "ghoulish glee":
"Eliza, dear, our lives must be
Entwined as ivy 'round the oak,
So none can sever, none revoke
What we may do and may decide,
Though hills and valleys, far and wide,
May sadly part us from the rest
That you love well, but should detest.
Let this warm hand lead thee afar
From scenes like these of constant war,
And seat thee in a charming bower,
And guard thee as a tender flower."

Died on the air the closing song
Of lark that in the meadow lay;
Eliza felt emotions strong
Within her heart that summer day.

XI.

Jane Bleylock all this cooing heard,
Yet uttered not a single word.
Poor thoughtless Jane! her jealous heart
Led her the secret to impart,
Which tact induced her to believe
The peddler gladly would receive.

* * * * * * * *

So to the place they hastened on
Along deep vales and hills upon;
"It was a wild and strange retreat
As e'er were trod by outlaws' feet."
The hills, rock-ribbed, were broken through
By earthquake shocks, when Nature drew
A veil of darkness o'er the land,
By His eternal, mighty hand.

* * * * * * * *

She led him to the secret spot
Where Nature formed a sylvan grot,
Which God intended to conceal
The deeds of sin, that to reveal
Would shock the world and make men say,
" 'Tis wise to shun the evil way."
'Twas here "Dick" Oscar ran his still,
Beneath a cliff far up the hill.

There Oscar sat as sun declined,
And watched his cauldron boiling fast,
This pleasing thought upon his mind:
That, after all, " 'twill pay" at last.

XII.

With nimble foot Jane homeward flew,
Beneath the stars in azure blue.
The peddler vanished, not a word
Was uttered, nor could he afford
To tarry there, and seek to find,
However much he was inclined,
More facts to further prove his case,
Hence homeward left with rapid pace.

* * * * * * * *

No sound except the murmuring rill
Disturbed his thoughts or moved his will,
Unless the screech-owl's hideous screams,
Which, wafted on the moon-tide beams,
Came though the trees his nerves to shake,
And made him wish his peace to make
With Oscar and his wily crew,
Who fear nor danger ever knew.
To Nashville thence at once he drove,
As rapidly as steed could move;
There told of great success achieved
Among the people he deceived,
And all his plan, but, O, the cost
Of honor sullied, goodness lost!

O, heartless peddler, had you died,
'Twas but your luck and chance,
As darkling was the act you tried,
Yet fortune spared the lance.

Captain "Jim" Davis.

XIII.

"Jim" Davis now the peddler took
As guide o'er hill and vale and nook,
To lead him to the rocky glen
Where Oscar and his lawless men
For years had run their moonshine still
In canyon deep hard by a mill,
Which Davis long had sought to get
And catch "Dick" Oscar in his net.
On, on they rode at rapid gait
To vindicate the laws of State;
Above were peaks which Nature hung,
And crags and cliffs that Pluto flung,
All covered with a midnight pall,
Which trembled as if sure to fall.
Far up the Cumberland they sped—
When near the place, the peddler led;
No warning waked the solemn still,
Nor sound was heard but of a rill
That through the canyon wound along
With quiet mien, yet solemn song,
Where Oscar and the Bleylock fair,
Sought for a time their safety there.

Was it the solemn thunder's sound
That shook the cabin in the vale?
No. 'Twas the order to "surround"*
Which made these men turn pale.

*"Surround" is a word used by revenue officers when they attempt to make an arrest.

XIV.

Jane Bleylock, who had played the "spy,"
Though ne'er could give the reason why,
Through jealousy had often swore
She'd never love "Dick" Oscar more.
"But she who stems a stream with sand,
And fetters flame with flaxen band,
Has yet a harder task to prove—
By firm resolve to conquer love."

* * * * * * * *

"Dick" Oscar and the Bleylocks saw
The rigid terrors of the law,
As Justice Key,† with solemn tone,
Passed sentence on them, one by one:
"Six months in prison thou shalt stay,
And toil from morn 'till close of day."

* * * * * * * *

At Nashville, Jane, with courage bold,
In trembling voice her story told
To court and jury, yet in vain
Could she for them a respite gain.
For months she lingered near the place,
With patience, perseverence, grace,
And fondly strained her anxious ear
The accents of "Dick's" voice to hear.

No more do mountain breezes bring
Those notes adown the rugged dell,
As, homeward-bound, "Dick" used to sing
The songs his "Janey" knew so well.

†The name of the United States Judge at Nashvilee.

Officers Conveying Bleylock and Oscar to Nashville.

XV.

The convicts served their sentence out,
And for their home they turned about;
One evening as the shadows long
Fell on the party full and strong,
They paused in a sequestered dell,
For "Dick" a secret now must tell;
It was that he and Jane would wed,
As, from the first, they both had said,
When home and friends they reached again,
Though prison thoughts might give them pain,
Yet this should never interfere,
Or cool their love to each so dear.

* * * * * * * *

When home the prison party came,
Eliza met them in the lane;
The sire refused to kiss his child,
A brother cried in accents wild:
"Disown the wretch, a traitor proved,"
(And from the group his sister shoved),
"She told the peddler of the still,
Love her again, I never will."
In vain she pleaded innocence,
But none would come to her defence.

With all, for the right to suffer is gain,
And treasures above store away;
But earth with its sorrows can't measure the pain,
Nor the horrors of heart-aches allay.

XVI.

"Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven;"
But here we have an antipode,
A hell she reaps who truth had sowed;
Her simple ways and tender years,
Her guileless life, her flowing tears,
No pity found nor love provoked;
The sentence passed stood unrevoked,
And not a tear that father shed
Upon his duteous daughter's head.

* * * * * * * *

With drooping heart the outcast went
From friends and home where she had spent
A life of twenty years of joy,
Untainted by the world's alloy
Of sin and treachery and pain,
The dreadful cost of wicked gain.

* * * * * * * *

She lingered thus in dreary state,
And pined away at rapid rate,
Lamenting sadly, all the while,
That she should be by creatures vile
Accused of treason, vilest wrong;
Though innocent, she bore it long,
And nobly well endured this test,—
If God but chastened, it was best.

Though wild the tempest, dark the night,
Yet soon will day be dawning;
Though great our sorrows, yet there's light,
Then hail we joys of morning!

XVII.

One day a wedding feast was spread,
Yet one was there whose heart was sad;
'Twas Jane, the bride, whom Oscar won,
For she had all the mischief done,
That drove her sister from her home
A hated outcast, sad, alone,
To grieve and pine and faint and die,
Beneath the trees in pain to lie.
"Within 'twas brilliant all and light,
With thronging scene of figures bright;"
The dance went on, the crowd was gay,
While on the hill Eliza lay,
For death had come and claimed his own.
Beneath an oak, without a moan,
Her life went out, and sweetly there
She breathed her last calm evening payer.

* * * * * * * *

They buried Eliza—'tis all like a dream—
On a beautiful slope, near a calm, cryslat stream,
Whose meandering tide, in its course to the sea,
Will tell of her wrongs as I tell them to thee,
Till the Father of all summons men to His seat
To punish for crimes that none shall repeat.

In broken accents, soft and tender,
They speak her name in saddened home,
While fairest flowers their tribute render,
To deck her grave when spring hath come.

THE LEVEL AND THE SQUARE.

The level's a jewel when it levels men up,
But not, if it levels them down;
And the Mason who levels his life by its gauge,
Will be laureled at last with a crown.

But woe to the man who passes through life,
On a level by criminals trod;
'Twere better by far he had never been born,
Or in youth he'd been laid 'neath the sod.

Our symbol — the Level — teaches plainly this truth:
Men are equal when all do the right;
It exacts from us all, from old age down to youth,
A pledge to be just day and night.

On the level of truth we should walk right and true,
Down the sweep of the years as they fly;
Looking up, and not down, as Masons should do,
To the mansions of rest in the sky.

On the level, at last, all Masons must meet,
And surrender their trusts to the King;
Though weary in limb and sore be their feet,
To their ancient Grand Craft they must cling.

And that other symbol—the Right-angled Square—
Comes teaching its lessons in love;
By its angle men's lives are tested as true,
In this world, and the home that's above.

One's a man only, when square in his acts,
And is clean on the inside and out;
In the quiet of home he'll be honored alike,
Or on tempest-tossed sea cast about.

As shoot the bright stars adown the domed sky,
Shine the lives of the men that are square;
Their deeds, when they're gone, will after them live,
And their virtues be cherished as rare.

Though fiery hosts in their cycles may fly,
Yet safe from the storm is the life that is square;
Beyond the pale, milky way in the sky,
Is his home than Eden more fair.

We'll meet on the Level and act by the Square,
As Mason's we know it's our duty to do;
And the world will be better when we're over there,
Because we've lived in it and journeyed life through.

"DADDY MACK" AND HIS PIPE.

"Daddy Mack," as we called him, owned a yellow, old pipe,
With a stem which resembled the bill of a snipe;
The pipe was bright yellow, and was cast out of clay,
And he kept it a-steaming all hours of the day.
With his legs tightly crossed, he'd puff and he'd spit,
As in the shade of a tree, or on the grass he would sit;
Thus he'd spend all the night till day-break would dawn,
With his smiles and his grunts and an occasional yawn;
Or if we'd listened contented to the tales he'd unfold,
We'd be sitting there yet covered over with mould.
His legs were so short that he walked like a duck.
And all whom he met, he'd wish them "good-luck."
In my mind, I can see him as he waddled along,
Up and down 'long the road, always murmuring a song;

With his staff in his hand, and a pack on his back,
While his pants 'round the waist were loose like a sack;
His hat was wide-brimmed and was "seedy" and old,
And his toes through his shoes stuck out in the cold.
Over eighty long years of life thus he spent
"Dead-beating" his way, wheresoever he went,
And if cleanliness is God-like, I own up in tears,
"Dad" is lost,—for a bath he'd not taken for years.

"Daddy Mack" was chief-liar of the county all around,
For his like on the earth is hard to be found;
From New York 'round the world he had traveled "in cog",
With none as a witness except his old dog.
One couldn't mention a place that "Dad" hadn't been,
Nor a city on earth the old man hadn't seen.
He would puff his clay pipe as he told of his trips,
And would giggle and laugh as he smacked his thin lips.

Death struck him at last, and he went down *below*
Where the blowhards and braggarts are slated to go;
Yet he died hero-like, without a smirk or a frown,
And he smiled as he laid his great burden down,
For he knew that the world in travail must moan
To cast another like him howe'er loud it might groan.

"Daddy Mack" and his pipe were unique to the last,
And we mourn that he's gone to the shadowy past;
We buried him deep, near a cool, shady stream,
On the flat of his back, 'neath the sun's brilliant gleam,
So he could look up, without turning his head,
For he wanted to know that he was sure enough dead.
As we laid him to rest we passed 'round the wipe,
And we placed in his mouth his yellow clay pipe.

Epitaph.

Here lies at rest poor, old "Daddy Mack,"
The prince of all liars, on the flat of his back;
When the trumpet of Gabriel sounds its last toot,
"Daddy Mack" will be there, pressing his suit;

And if Gabriel ain't sharp, "Dad" will make him
believe
He'd been there before, and was out on a leave
Of absence from home, to bring the weary ones in
From the turmoils of life and the pathways of sin.
"Requiescat in pace" dear, old "Daddy Mack,"
May you never grow weary lying flat on your
back;
And if perchance from your sleep, you should ever
awake,
You can load up your pipe and a whiff or two take.

A BROKEN CADENCE.

I would not serve thee so,
Oh! no;
And yet love's light
Illumes the night;
Tho' sheens of gold
To me unfold
A chasm deep
That makes me weep,
And drowneth sleep
With pain untold.

I would not serve thee so,
Oh! no;
For this strong arm
Didst thee no harm,—
But wouldst defend,
Thou couldst depend,
Thou knowest well;
Why shall I tell—?
Love's light dispel,
Then joy shall end.

SCOOPED THEM.

As the moon rolled around on her axle,
And the sun stood still in the sky;
All the stars stared their eyes as they twinkled,
While the "toughs" got their drinks on the sly.

The police with their battons paraded
'Neath the light of only the stars,
And slyly these haunts they invaded
And placed them behind prison bars.

A FLOWER OF THE SOUTHLAND.

In the Southland of summer eternal
Where the flowers so fragrantly bloom,
And the bright, sunny smiles of the people
Ever banish the pain and the gloom,
Which in climates, black sterile and frozen,
Chill the heart and the life and the brain;
There I met a sweet, charming young daughter
Of that chivalrous, tropical plain—
Which only the land of Palmettos
From the brain of Minerva can fling—
Who to cynical, soul-frozen Yankee
The passion of true love could bring.

It was late in the month of December
When this charming, young damsel I met;
Her sweet smiles I shall always remember,
In my heart they are lingering yet.
And the turn of the wheel of the ages,
As year upon year it has rolled,
Has effaced not from memory's pages
Blessed joys that can never be told.
All in vain have I striven to banish
The sweet smiles she unwittingly gave;
They are deathless; and only will vanish
When I am laid low in my grave.

THANKSGIVING.

To God we raise our hearts in praise,
And of His mercies sing;
In prayer we bow before His throne,
To Him our trophies bring;
Our faith in him is one.

For peace and plenty, joy and rest,
Thanksgivings here we raise,
In public and in private place
His mercies we now praise;
Our ~~faith~~ trust in Him is one.

Tho' years and cycles come and go,
And roll forever on
Adown the corridors of time,
God's will, not ours, be done;
Our hope in Him is one.

WHEN JACK SPENCER DIED.

Jack Spencer was a "Country Jake," so big and strong and angling,
His hair was red, his head was small, his legs were long and angling;
He a lifter and a bruiser was and could swear a streak of lightning,
But we admired and trusted him because he did our fighting.
He a fiddler was and gambler, too, a dancer and a jumper,
If any one dare cross his path, he was a hitter and a thumper.

Jack skillful was with axe and hoe and plane and saw and hammer,
His neck was thick, his fist was large which he used in dextrous manner;
He was a hustler and a tussler and was anything but lazy,
And those who did'nt know him well, would surely call him crazy.
Although he couldn't read nor write, he'd gathered much of knowledge,
And boastfully would tell the boys he'd never been to college.

A marvel of a shuffler, Jack could shift the deck about
So smooth and slick, the cards would stick, we failed to find him out
Till one would cry "the pot is broke," and then we'd raise a breeze,
As Jack so bland, with teasing smile, would pull an ace from out his sleeve;
At monte, poker, eucher, dice, or any other game,
A child of luck or fortune he would win out all the same.

Jack worked upon the farm with me, and despite his faults I loved him,
Though dingy always were his clothes and his face was wan and slim;
He had a hump behind his shoulders and a cymbling sort of head,
And supple like a jumping-jack, he possessed a feline tread;
If Jack were dead, we used to think we'd fail to get along,
Because he was courageous, and withal so big and strong.

But the relentless reaper came and swung his scythe about

And struck poor Jack's most tender spot and
snuffed his lamp clean out.
We gathered round his bier and wept, and passed
the wipe around,
And picked up all that was left of Jack and laid
it in the ground;
But as we left with tear-dimmed eyes and measur-
ed tread and slow,
We wondered from the *plant* we'd made, if Jack's
like again could grow?

Poor Jack is gone and we are sad; yes sad as boys
can be,
Because we know where e'er we go, his like we
ne'er shall see;
His fiddle hangs the willows on where blow the
winds so cold,
His spirit free sweeps on the while his body turns
to mold.
We know not where to find our friend till the cy-
cles cease to roll,
But we surely hope to meet him where the death-
bells never toll.

A PARODY ON LOVE.

Where's lad or lassie 'steen years old
Who has not suffered pangs untold
Of love? Sweet pangs for young and old!
E'en he whose heart is icy cold
Is often melted when by maiden told
Her heart is with his own entwined.

That mystic somewhat we call love,
Divine of birth, is trained above,
Then flies straight on without a shove
A cooing, wooing turtle-dove;
All which we can most surely prove
When Cupid's cords true lovers bind.

THE LIFE STORY OF A SLAVE.

Soon after England's wicked war against
Her trans-Atlantic Colonies had ceased,
Close by that broad, historic river, James,
Within a lovely vale by waving pines,
Sequestered, I first saw the light of heaven.
A slave was I, and so was born, yet not
To wrong or habit; but my master was
A man; an old Virginia planter he;
The only difference between us two,
A trifling one of color. He was *white*
And I his brother-man, in skin of *black;*
Than this no other reason was assigned
For slavery. By tolerance divine
My people were in thrall of service held.
For many generations thus we toiled
And suffered on till Freedom came at length.

* * * * * * * * *

In gloom and darkness are early years,
As o'er them my memory backward rolls
And with vision true long vistas sweep,
They unto me great lessons clear reveal.
Yet I a manumitted slave would not
The smouldering embers of my life rake o'er;
Well-nigh consumed the flickering flame is now,
And dimly in its socket sinks to-night.

Yet pardon me for saying humbly that,
'Twas in the rosy morn of my young life,
I saw my mother on a slave-block sold,
Upon the Old Dominion's sacred soil.
Her health and strength had then begun to fail,
And young and strong alone were wanted there
To work amid the cotton, corn and cane.
A price, ah! all too small, for her was paid,
And far to other fields she went in chains
To toil the remnant of her fleeting years.
Although since then five long decades have gone,
And I have seen her not, yet well I know
She sings in angelic choirs among the blest
In Heaven's eternal summerland of rest.
And all my sisters and my brothers too,
The same unholy road did likewise tread—
Some southward; others north and near the line
'Cross which no slave has ever tracked the sod—
That blessed land, proud country ever free!
My father, mother, brothers, sisters, all
Were scattered far by slavery's vicious law;
But all, in God's good time, were gathered in
To freedom's good and final home at last.
And legions more that painful path have trod;
I saw it all, alas! and know too well,
Their muffled groans, e'en now I seem to hear,
The pains I feel them yet. O, sad, sad thought!

Yet sadder were the partings that I saw
As weary years of pain dragged slowly by.
Eternal justice! Where thy thunderbolts?
Ye angels holy! Where concealed your camps?
And where thy rod, O Vengeance! Where thy sword?
But, ah! the life of man is brief and lonely,
And sorrow seems the common lot of all.

* * * * * * * * *

When young in years I for knowledge hungered,
But books and learning were denied to slaves;
And so to man's estate my way was dark,
No word could spell, nor book nor sentence read;
How precious little, therefore, could I know!
Behold me now, at eighty, stooped and feeble,
My intellect, which God meant should be great,
A cloud, because forbidden light to seek.
'Twas true of others all those darksome days;
For slaves the fields were meant to plod alone;
Unlawful 'twas, unsafe to give us more.
Adown life's weary stream I've slowly drifted,
Ashamed and blamed the darkened way along
As ignorant, uncouth, a blockhead boor;
And yet, Heaven knows, for these I'm not to blame!
All in all, my lot has been a sad one,
Tho' all the way I've sought to do the right,

And withal I've gathered much of knowledge
And stored, with miser care, for future use.

* * * * * * * * *

In the Book of Books the Sacred writers tell us
For epochs great, great leaders must be called;
From the gate of Eden to slavery's greatest war,
Like men right nobly they've responded
And, at the Master's bidding, led the van
For truth and freedom, justice, peace and right.
There's Moses, who to ages gave the law,
The greatest hero on the scroll of time,
Himself he trusted not, but God for all,
And safely led, thro' many weary years,
The faithful people, chosen host of Heaven,
Into a land where milk and honey flowed,
And where the flowers never cease to bloom.
Amidst all trouble, suffering, gloom and grief,
Most bravely threat'ning issues did he meet,
Until the goal in sight, his work complete,
His God, with honor, buried him alone.
Saint Paul, from bigotry was called of God
And set upon a nobler work by far
Than he had ever dreamed of, wrought with God.
E'er building well and wiser than he knew,
Himself, a living stone in temple great,
He helped to rear for Him who dwells on high.

The wheels of Time were speeding ever on:
The freest, foremost Nation earth had known
Was surely being wrecked by Slavery;
The question, Which shall die, our Union great,
Or that foul "Sum of human villainies?"
Then God called Lincoln, simple-minded, great
Of soul; of heroes noblest; good and wise,
To lead the hosts in that impending fight.
Him Justice armed with panoply of steel,
The giant crime he smote with blows of might,
For Freedom fought till she triumphant stood,
The right prevailed as Moses saw it do.
The bonds of human slavery to atoms broke,
Divinely dashed 'gainst Truth's eternal wall.
While God for instrument and agent chose
A Lincoln; His the wisdom, glory, power,
Thus for our race the victory to win;
All praise to Him, let men and angels sing.

* * * * * * * * *

Forever rolls the juggernaut of Truth,
And scourges all must perish in its way;
God's plans are mysteries past finding out,
Unknown they must remain till His good time;
But wrong permitted makes us wondering wait;
God's schemes unfold — His wisdom stands revealed.

Year after year, beneath the driver's lash,
The hopeless, toiling slave his burden bore,
Forever moulding brick without a straw,
His only wage a lonely cabin home.
The sullen cloud has lifted, and at last
The Negro sees as darkly in a glass,
A purpose holy running through his woes.
God suffered it to be that so might come
To him and his a higher, greater good;
And if to holiness and justice true
He stands, a victor's crown he'll wear at last.
Thus freedom came to an oppressed race;
The old Virginia slave is now a man,
And may he prove a man and manly ever be—
To prove affliction's fires have burned the dross
From out his heart, and left him free indeed,
And fit him to stand in dignity a man
And claim a freeman's rights before the world.

* * * * * * * * *

The rose of rarest beauty has its thorns;
And flowers yield the richer fragrance crushed;
Thus life is filled, from childhood days, with griefs
Along the way. But He who died for all,
For all the wine-press trod. His holy life
Laid down that all might live forever more.
In Him I live, and so with me 'tis well;

Again I'll never murmur nor complain.
Almighty Father! such the lessons are
In these last days, when thought and speech are free,
I learn again; and firm, yet firmer still
In mind and soul are fixed forever more,
That God directs His children's walks and ways
By His unerring skill and wondrous works.
And now my flame of life is growing dim,
And earthly days for me are numbered all,
The light of heaven grows brighter, brighter still,
Thou Majesty Supreme—Eternal God.

LOVE'S "FORGET-ME-NOT."

What is love? But he can tell
'Tis *like* a vine e'er clinging;
'Tis *like* a fount up-springing
To weary ones oft bringing
Sweet rest and joy when love's their lot.

What is love? But he can tell
Whose heart its sweep has taken
Whose soul its powers awaken
To high resolves unshaken
And nobler life—he knows full well.

What is love? But he can tell
To show this gem eternal
Which makes the world fraternal
With peace and joy supernal;
It lives, dear friend, forget-me-not.

DAYS THAT ARE GONE FOREVER.

Among the pines the River Elk is roaring,
And o'er the rocks the waves revel beneath the sun;
Far up the hills the turkeys and the deer are roaming,
Where hunters chase their game, till day is done.

The rain o'er rocks and vales is falling gently,
With veil of mist the mountain sides are hid from view;
While the prisms of the rain-bow span the emerald valley,
And dark the sky with beauties ever new.

Flows on the Elk, its crystal spray 'mid gorges falling,
As sentinels each crag the murmuring stream doth spurn;
Hark! hear the birds above the valley calling—
Those primeval scenes, alas! shall ne'er return.

The Indian's home was these primeval forests,
'Mid which he roamed unharmed by hungry whites;
Yet soon across the wilds they came like pirates
For conquest, spoils and the Red man's sacred rights.

With tomahawk and bow their braves heroic.
Against the "Pale Face" waged unequal war;
To cruel fate they yielded like the Stoic,
With tribal remnants scattered wide and far.

When braves and maidens tall and lithe and swarthy
Thus saw resistless Empire sweeping toward the west,
Their wigwams struck and sullen, sad and stealthy
Began their fruitless search for peace and rest.

Commending all to that Great Spirit's keeping,
Long years they followed their Chief's behest
Thro' trackless plains and forests, ever seeking
Their long lost "Alabema, here we rest."

Now there's little left of those gloomy days of sorrow,
Save the ghosts that haunt those ancient, weary ways
Of Chief and squaw, who hoped for better things to-morrow,
On hunting grounds to sing their native forest lays.

And never again beside these dashing fountains
Shall the Red-man's bed of skins and furs be spread;
Nor shall he roam among these lofty mountains
And wakeful list the White-man's stealthy tread.

Alas! poor dusky maidens waiting ever,
Your warrior friends, the braves, among the dead!
They sleep on hill and valley wide; and never
Again on earth your piteous call shall heed.

So to their fate as "braves" they yielded calmnly;
Their tents they pitched on happier hunting grounds,
And 'mid far western hills as a united family,
Their warriors sleep beneath peculiar Indian mounds.

They sleep the sleep that knows no earthly waking,
Their rights they knew were trampled beneath the sod;
To superior force they yielded at the White-man's making,
And they leave it all to him and to his God.

THE INFINITUDE OF LOVE.

No greater force on earth than Love exists.
'Tis sympathy supreme. It rules the world,
So that atoms other atoms seek.
As molecules around each other group,
So meet the positive and negative poles
Which govern all affairs in human life,
And kindred souls are gathered close and fast;
As crystals, sards and saphires gleam and glow,
So Love, the fertile pollen, lives and grows
And ripens, after finding mate for mate,
And loveful hearts clasp hearts in fond embrace;
As dewdrops, leaf and blade and flower kiss—
As rivers babbling brooks receive
And ripple, seethe and lash their rugged shores,
So Love makes man and woman one in life
And fashions them for earth and home and heaven.

PASS IT ON.

If the world don't serve you right,
Serve yourself with all your might;
Pass it on.

Things are seldom what they seem;
Forge ahead; don't stand and dream,
Pass them on.

Have you knowledge gained or lore?
To increase or keep the store,
Pass it on.

Love to keep as in a box,
Strange as seems the paradox,
Pass it on.

Pains will come and sorrows sure,
Here's a "dope" will always cure:—
Pass them on.

If success you safely reach,
"How to do it," others teach,
Pass it on.

Pleasures mayhap, you command,
Then to others lend a hand,
Pass them on.

Should it storm across your path,
"Grin and bear it"; (not in) wrath,
Pass it on.

Gentle words from you and me
Often keep us anger-free;
Pass them on.

Weight of years comes on apace,
Crushing many in the race;
Pass it on.

Death is lurking here about;
Send him word that you are out;
Pass him on.

IT RAINED, AND IT RAINED.

'Twas Chicago—the time was in May,
When it rained,
And it rained;
'Twas so charming and bright,
As the stars shone at night;
And the birds all the day,
Gladly sung their sweet lay,
Though it rained,
And it rained.

'Twas Chicago—the moon kissed the lake,
But it rained,
And it rained;
Not a cloud could be seen,
'Neath the moon's glimmering sheen,
And the stars shone away
At the close of the day;
Still it rained,
And it rained;

'Twas Chicago—the queen of the West,
Where it rained,
And it rained;

And the wind wound along,
And it sang its sweet song,
As the day swept away,
'Mid tumultuous sway,
While it rained,
And it rained.

'Twas Chicago—the hub of the earth,
There it rained,
And it rained;
On its lake beaten shore,
Mighty waves ever roar,
And men come and they go,
Both the rapid and slow,
As it rained,
And it rained.

'Twas Chicago—the home of the bles't,
Where it rained,
And it rained;
Nowhere else on the sod,
'Neath the sway of our God,
Are all rules set aside,
And the mark missed so wide,
When it rains,
And it rains.

In Chicago—the city of wind,
There it rains,
And it rains,
It's a law all its own,
Though a city well grown;
And it acts at its will,
It's great mission to fill,
As it rains,
And it rains.

At Chicago, the wheels roll along,
Though it rains,
And it rains;
The mills never cease
To sing plenty and peace
To the toilers great throng,
As it trudges along,
While it rains,
And it rains.

'Tis Chicago—the gate to the West,
Where it rained,
And it rained;
Sure "all roads lead to Rome,"
As they go and they come;
It matters not which you take,
You will make no mistake
For it'll rain,
Surely rain.

And Chicago's a murky, queer place,
When it rains,
And it rains,
Women's socks red and blue,
Ring-ed, striped and new,
Meet one's gaze—right and left,
While you guess at their heft,
As it rains,
And it rains.

But Chicago is much of a place,
Though it rains,
And it rains;
It is thrifty and strong,
And it goes bulging along,
But you'd best keep away,
For you know not what day
It will rain,
And still rain.

Chicago—the *Prarie du Chein*,
Where it rains,
And it rains;
Here the nimble and strong,
And the right and the wrong
Vying early and late
In the conflict of fate,
While it rains,
And it rains.

And Chicago's a brisk business place,
Though it rains,
And it rains;
But don't make a mistake
And stay out very late;
They'll "run you in" sure,
Though your motives be pure,
As it rains,
And it rains.

Ah, Chicago you'll dwell on my mind!
'Cause it rained,
And it rained;
All your mud off my feet
I will shake in retreat,
And I promise you never
To return again ever,
While it rains,
And it rains.

BABY NANCE.*

You're a yearling to-day, Baby Nance,
My, Oh my, what a youngster you are;
You can laugh, cry and chatter and dance,
Rain or shine very little you care;
You'r a yearling to-day, Baby Nance.

You've a year rounded out in the race,
As the world rolls along with a rush;
Many think you're a tough little case,
But your mamma's "main guy in the push,"
Though but a yearling to-day, Baby Nance.

Not a thought of a care that's to come,
Nor a wave, nor a shadow of fate
Clouds your mind, darling child of the home;
Truly yours is a heavenly state,
As a yearling to-day, Baby Nance.

As the years creep along, Baby Nance,
And the briars and thorns hedge your way,
And a tear for your song, it may chance,
Be a brave to endure it your day,
Little darling, our own Baby Nance.

*Written the day my first grand-child Nancy Ellen Beury) passed her first mile-stone in the battle of life.

God is kind to his child, Baby Nance,
  He will guide and protect all the way—
If in virtue you choose to advance;
  But far distant and hid be the day
That shall call you from us, Baby Nance.

Let the years come and go as they will,
  Walk erect as you journey alone;
Joy the hearts of your parents will fill;
  At the end the acclaim of "well done,"
Will forever be yours, Baby Nance.

THE LADY I MET IN THE PARK.*

In a park is a place fraught with blessings so sweet;
How oft have we met over there!
Neath the shade of a pine,
Where shrubs neatly twine,
Have we sat in the calm evening air.

'Twas divine to sit there in that sweet sylvan spot,
While the unthinking strolled to and fro;
Yet to dwell 'neath a pine
As a swain to recline,
There to meet one I loved would I go.

As a dream, all the sorrows of life we forget,
But the offering of love shall remain;
And whatever be thy lot
Thou shalt not be forgot,
And I know I shall meet thee again.

*I married that same girl.

THE BELL IN STATE STREET CHURCH TOWER.

I

That bell! The State Street bell, now ringing,
On street and alley far and wide its tones we greet,
To sacred prayer in pleading accents calling:—
Like Mary, "Come, and sit at Jesus' feet."

II

That solemn bell! whose sacred music ringing,
Recalls that potent Faith which all would win,
And lift them up and turn their wails to singing
Triumphant over Satan, Death and Sin.

III

Its cheering tones!—God's notes of faithful warning—
Come ringing, ringing, ringing o'er the plain,
To all mankind in accents sweet proclaiming:—
"Tho' dead, thou shalt surely live again."

IV

Sweet Consolation! Praise to God unceasing;
This mundane sphere may roll thro' years untold,
And raging storms blow dark thro' time unending,
Yet all God's flock are safe withhn His fold.
O, singing bell,
O, joyful bell,
Ring on forever more!

"THE LADIES."*

"There are women who are comely,
There are women who are homely,
But be careful how the latter thing you say;
There are women who are healthy,
There are women who are wealthy,
There are women who will always have their way.

"There are women who are truthful,
There are women who are youthful,.
Was there ever any woman who was old?
There are women who are sainted,
There are women who are painted,
There are women who are worth their weight in gold."

There are women who are prudent,
There are women who are students,
There are women who are thoughtless day by day;
There are women who are shirkers,
There are women who are workers,
There are women who will always have their say.

*A toast responded to at a Banquet in honor of Congressmen Hubbard and Sturgiss, of West Virginia, at the Riggs Hotel, Washington, D. C., March 9, 1908.

"There are women who are tender,
There are women who are slender,
  There are women who are large and fat and red;
There are women who are married,
There are women who have tarried,
  There are women who can't talk, but they are
    dead."

To you my words of greeting,
At this joyful, pleasant meeting,
  Dear ladies, may your hearts be filled with glee;
And may these new Congressmen's home bowers,
Be graced with charming flowers,
  And their successors—may they never live to see.

When a fellow reaches fifty,
Whether short of funds or thrifty,
  He needs to be kept quiet and alone;
And when his career is ended,
It's too late to be amended,
  You can safely say you're glad that he is gone.

What a man needs most on earth,
Is an easy, pleasant berth—
  To be left alone to grumble loud and long;
What he wants beneath the sky
Are his weaknesses passed by,
  And never to be told that he is wrong.

If our wives are real bright,
They'd need no second sight
To teach them their duties here below;
They'd go away contented
And never be prevented
From tramping where they feel they want to go.

Now, don't become excited,
These words will be requited,
Should any of you be wounded to the "red;"
For the ladies who are faithful
Will never become hateful—
At anything about them that is said.

Of all beneath the stars,
And those on the planet Mars,
The ladies are the sweetest and the best;
A world without their blessings
And their honest, dear caressings,
Would never be a place for man to rest.

If you'll attend your avocations,
And avoid all dissipations,
As down the slope you journey, one by one;
And when life's dreams are ended,
God's hand will be extended
To commend you for the work that you have done.

Toast.

To our West Virginia mothers,
Independent of all others,
  This toast I offer to their worth;
They are the basis of the Nation,
The acme of creation—
  Beyond doubt, they're the cream of all the earth.

DELTA TAU DELTA: A COLLEGE FRATERNITY.

West Virginia's evergreen, towering hills,
Wherein brain like pure diamonds and as clear as the rills—
Native products par excellence time out'o mind—
Saw the birth of a child which was destined to find
Honored mission 'mong men and a name unmaligned.

The approaches all guarded lest foes make a raid,
With immaculate care her toilet they made;
And they christened her there as with sponsors she knelt
By the High Priest's gold font on a carpet of felt
'Mid the darkness of night, peerless "Delta Tau Delt."

Was there need for this "Frat" is the question to solve?
We are here to affirm it by solemn resolve
That of all college "Frats" on the face of the earth
Happy "Delt" ranks A 1 from the day of her birth;
And we loudly proclaim her vast merits and worth.

There are all sorts of "Frats"—some little, some large—
There are those against which the minor one's charge
That they carry big sacks all across their strong backs
For to scoop the bright men who may cross ah, alack!
O'er the roads where the "Delts" in their march leave their tracks.

We concede it. Remember, however, the law of the Lord,
Which in characters bold there is writ in His Word,
That the weak must give in to the strong in the fight—
That one's self must surender for others' delight—
All the sages, too, teach it, then sure it is right.

Shall we bring on a war 'gainst the ages agone,
To appease the dear "Frats" that but little have done—
Who bemoan their sad state because they were pres't—
By this "Frat" here of ours, which is surely the best
Of the bunch, as it easily leads all the rest?

Not at all. Let each tub on its own bottom stand;
Or at sea in a storm bravely strive to make land,
And the one that lands first shall be counted the best:
Now Old Delt won that race miles ahead of the rest;
So she's queen of the seas from the East to the West.

All our dear sister "Frats" may trot out their sprints,
And may whine and cross-whine and do all sorts of stints,
But they're surely not in it, because they're too slow
To get into the wagon when ordered to go—
When the "rounding up" came they were pictures of woe.

We're lamenting to-night for our dear sister "Frats,"
Though an elegant *bunch* they're par excellent *sats;*
They all "ponied" through school at the snail's slowest gait,
And they heard the sad word, "My dear boys, you are late—
Late to honor yourselves, your country or state."

Dear Old Delt is so big that she spans the whole
earth,
As we meet here to-night amid joy, glee and mirth,
To salute one another and pass the wipe 'round,
And the pass-word give gently in deep, solemn
sound,
With a faith still unbroken while we're above
ground.

Now our members are scattered the wide world
around,
Across ocean and sea, along river and sound;
And the grip of a "Delta" is abroad in the world,
Wheresoever the Banner of Light is unfurled,
And the Arrows of Truth by the Master are
hurled.

'Mid the woodlands of Maine are our "Delts" to be
found,
And their songs and melees make the forests re-
sound;
From the Keys up the Coast which emborders the
South
The wild yell of the Delt's too-familiar big mouth
Can be heard and is known 'midst the rain and
the drought.

Far away on the Rockies our "Delts" are entrenched,
To get there, how they scrambled and twisted and wrenched
Their long necks and their muscles of steel. They'll be slow
To surrender their holdings, to get which you know,
Took a heart like an engine *for push* and *for go*.

To the cotton fields, canebrakes and swamps of the South,
To her forests, and rivers from fountain to mouth,
To her mountains and mines they came doing their best
To develop that region for themselves and the rest;
And their merit there proved by many a dare-devil test.

Long the shores of the bellowing, blue sunset sea,
Our beloved have squatted on mountain and lea;
And are rustling and hustling like squirrels for bread;
In advance we can say they will come out ahead,
For a "Delt" won't surrender until he is dead.

We remember too well all our "Frats" under ban
Of the college officials, who then overran
Our domain; and by censors and spies day and night
Still pursued as a hawk doth a bird in its flight;
But to win recognition we kept up the fight.

In our meetings for safety the keyholes we corked,
As both early and late we bad roysterers worked,
Thus evading the spies who e'er shadowed our halls;
For by keeping outside all their sinister calls,
Every secret we guarded within our own walls.

But as Truth crushed and bleeding will rise up again,
So the "Frats" who at first all proscribed in disdain—
(They e'en charged that we all with "Old Nick" were allied)
Bravely stood by each other, Old Princeps defied
Till we won out in triumph; now who dares deride?

For the college officials our aid sought at length,
As while wrestling like Jacob they lost all their strength;

So they buried their hatchets and called off the fuss;
And we're living in peace. And "so mote it be" thus;
But remember for aye,—it was, *they came to us.*

Where else in this wide world are the valleys so sweet
As are those in whose bosoms the bright waters meet;
Where the cords of one's heart around others entwine
And where each too his neighbor says, "Thy will and not mine
Shall prevail!" Thus to yield, like the Christ, is divine.

And the friends of our bosoms beloved and near
Make the scenes of enchantment cast out every fear;
And we see how the charms of Old Nature improve
When reflected from eyes of true friendship and love,
Like the unspoken signs which descend from above.

In a vale that's fraternal how calm can we rest,
On the bosom of Peace among those we love best,
Where the storms of this world forever surcease,
And from turmoils within we are granted release,
There our hearts, like the waters, may mingle in peace.

How happy a home this old world would be,
If all were contented, and would jointly agree
The knave to cast out, the unfaithful deride,
To stand like the rock, with Truth on their side,
And in peace, joy and love forever abide.

And to-night as in Memory's bark we may glide
Reminiscent; a cursory glance side to side
Plainly shows our mistakes where we journeyed along,
As beguiled and deceived by the Siren's sweet song
We oft yielded like Eve and more sadly went wrong.

And oft even joy is unheeded and lost,
As we calmly look back o'er the rivers we've crossed;
But come the more rare such delights to the heart,
For we think O, so little, of life at the start!
'Tis joy in beginning, but is lost when we part.

But when desert rejoices and blooms like the rose,
When from heart unto heart all good fellowship flows,
With that devil called self and all others o'erthrown,
Then this crazy old World will most surely become,
In amended edition, our once happy home.

Here's to all Brother "Delts" who are yet on the sod,
May they ever be true to themselves and their God;
As the years roll away, may it truly be said—
On the Altar of Truth their best efforts were laid,
And the world was made sweeter for the parts they have played.

1902.

I.

All hail, to nineteen hundred two,
And here's to you, old Father Time;
Were it within my power to do
I'd stop your clock and break your chime;
I mean it, yes I do.

II.

And yet old man, I wish you well;
Your joys and sorrows dole to all—
To those that need you—but, farewell,
On thee I'll not presume to call;
Pass on, I need thee not.

III.

You do folks up and do them brown,
Your speed in running seems to last;
But hold, Old Man, you do folks down,
I'm growing weak, don't rush so fast,
Hold up and catch your breath.

IV.

Hold up, hold up; go slow, Old Man!
The track's for others, don't you know?
Don't keep forever in the van;
Give those a chance whose strength is low,
Go slow, Old Man, go slow.

ZELIA: A LEGEND OF THE HOMESTEAD STRIKE.

The Plot.

The labor strike at Homestead, a suburb of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, in 1892, was one of the most noted conflicts between capital and labor ever known in the civilized world. The members of labor unions, in that section, withdrew from the mills, and their places were filled by non-union men. The result of the strike was disorder and blood-shed—several of the strikers and non-union men being killed. Hugh F. Dempsey was chief of the organization known as the "Knights of Labor," and he, along with other labor leaders, was arrested for the alleged murder of the non-union men. After a long, tedious court trial at Pittsburg, Dempsey was convicted and was sentenced to the penitentairy for a long period of years. His wife, whose name was "Zelia", was wonderfully attached to him, and she never ceased her efforts in his behalf until she, through her attorney, the Honorable Thomas Marshall, of Pittsburg, secured his

unconditional pardon. While at Pittsburg, about a year after the strike, I called on Mr. Marshall to confer with him in a case in which we were jointly concerned as attorneys, and on that occasion he reviewed the facts of the strike, and informed me that the devotion of Dempsey's wife to her husband, who was then serving a term in the Western Penitentiary at Allegheny City, was the most marked that he had ever known in his practice of criminal law, which covered a period of something near fifty years. His deep interest in the case and his firm opinion that Dempsey was unjustly convicted, so deeply impressed me that I was led to write the history of the occurrence and the trial in the verses which follow. I wish to distinctly state that, although I wrote all that is herein printed, I wrote it as a *history of the case*, based upon the facts furnished me by Mr. Marshall, and not as an expression of my own individual views of strikes and court trials.

Prologue.

I.

I often wonder as the years roll by,
If true it is that Nature's storms severe
As broils of life more numerous become,

And down the vista roll like time and tide;
If God, in goodness infinite, supreme,
Against poor man, His ancient enemy,
The crimes of ancestors unknown doth hold;
And whether you and I must suffer still
For those old sins as cycles roll adown
The corridors of time. * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * *Or worse, still worse,
As pessimist of evil eye doth hold
And evermore in croaking discords groans,
That Nature's weeping o'er a ruined world,
As down the swirling streams of life we're dashed
To that black sea whence none returns.
* * * * * * * * * *

II.

The Universe is God supreme;
His loving hand in earth is ever seen;
Yet sorrowful the storms sweep o'er hill
And plain and rolling sea. For what good end
There's none can tell. Why, therefore, think it strange
We pause and wonder? Yes. Affliction's hand
Is heavy on us all; but we ourselves
Must bear the pains where we have been the cause;
God willed them not. Life's broils grow only when

Zelia - The Homestead Strike.

We feed them by our acts; and whether few
Or many, we ourselves alone decide.
That we must reap as we have sown is Truth
As ancient as the sun. It may be crushed
And down awhile, but will again arise;
For God supreme in justice so decrees.
And this Old World, if ill or better made
By us, depends upon our duties done
Or shirked, as will appear when God himself
The scroll unrolls and all our record shows
Before assembled worlds.

* * * * * * * * *

THE "SMOKY CITY."

It was not in the land of the cypress and flowers,
Nor the eden of shrines and all charming love bowers;
Where the eagle and vulture upsoar in their flight,
And the nightingale sings in the midst of the night;
Where the light-winged zephyr doth waft its perfume,
From the roses in meadows all laden with bloom;
Nor the land of the cedar, the spruce and the pine,

Where the amorous vines all around them entwine;
Or of sparkling, clear waters as pure as the dew
O'er swept by the clouds tinted azure and blue;
Where the lark in the valley doth sing his sweet lay,
And the hunter and hounds still pursue their wild way;
Or the rock-ribbed hills ever hem in the vales,
And fair ships on the waters are flaunting their sails;
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
With their colors all varied in beauty do vie;
Where are women as chaste as the laurels they weave;
And the men are as free as the air that they breathe;
Where the right, and not wrong, is the rule of them all,
And the people as pure as the snow-flakes that fall;
Where the law is the guide-book of every man's life,
And where none are disturbed by the tumult or strife;
Where one is not honored because of his birth,

Zelia - The Homestead Strike.

But where all are still measured by their merit
and worth;
Where the castes and their kindred all men will
deny,
And the law and the right there are none to defy;
Where the all-toiling thousands are equal in worth,
With the wealthy old barons and lords of the
earth.

* * * * * * * * *

My dear reader, not this of the city I speak,
'Tis not Eden at all, but the home of the weak
Who there toil, without murmur, from year unto
year,
And are oft treated ill by employers they fear.
There is nothing inviting, or charming, or sweet,
In the sky above them, or beneath their tired feet;
The sun rarely doth shine, for the sky is o'er cast,
By thick clouds of black smoke from out furnace
and blast;
Look about as you may, but few beauties are there,
Nor aroma of flowers to scent the foul air;
Even birds rarely sing, and no flowers e'er bloom—
In their stead is the noise of the anvil and loom;
As one looks at the wheels rolling round and
around,
He is thrilled by Old Industry's soul-grating sound;

'Tis a city in enterprise great and in wealth,
And its people are blessed with the best kind of health;
From the dawn till the twilight they earnestly strive,
To excel one another in the push and the drive;
And for energy and thrift I stoutly defy
One to find us its equal beneath the blue sky.
* * * * * * * * *

THE STRIKE.

'Tis a rule from the Master and True,
And if followed in letter and spirit,
It is golden to guide us in action:—
"Do to others as OUGHT they to you;"

But in life's avocations all through,
A perversion by Satan malicious
And a reason potential for broils is,
"Do to others as DO they to you."

In the year of our Lord—ninety-two,
In a suburb of Pittsburg called Homestead,
Was a *Cut* in the wages of workmen
To employers till then ever true,—

Zelia - The Homestead Strike.

Thro' the heat and the cold and the rain
  Ever toiling in mills and at anvil and furnace;
  I ask why, in the name of square dealing,
Not to murmur, or shirk, or complain.

If employers combine to defy
  Toiling men what they ask for in reason;
  I ask why, in the name of square dealing
To their men the same right they deny?

If 'tis *righteous* for wealth to combine
  And to arm to the teeth for the battle,
  Why inhibit by rule the poor toiler,
Wealth producer, his rights to define?

What is law for the one should apply
  To the other without class distinction;
  We submit this, the great *ultimatum*,
And the right to restrict it deny.

So, as much for enployer as self,
  In a Union they banded together,
  And resolved they would all stand united
In resisting those greedy for pelf.

Now this *cut* in the wage workers' pay
In the year ninety-two made at Homestead
Was a crime, nothing else, against Labor,
Which at *Money's* own door we must lay.

It was hunger insatiate for gain,
Which the pay of the toiler reduced,
But the Trust didn't care a red penny
If to Labor it meant endless pain.

The percentage net gain on their "stuff,"
In some instances mounting to thousands
Would so fill up the maw of the ghoul,
One would cry out in pain—"hold enough."

For this folly a great strike ensued,
Union men took their tools and withdrawing
Found their "jobs" by "scabs" being filled
Which gave rise to a terrible feud.

Union men stood as firm as the hills
For their rights on which others were tramping,
And detectives were quickly sent flying
By these workmen of resolute wills.

Zelia - The Homestead Strike.

To the rescue came the troops of the State,
And the conflict was long and terrific,
But at length the stronger overcome,
Sore defeat was the workingmen's fate.

To the courts the sad contest now came,
And the trial was fought with a fierceness;
The producer—a mocking of justice,
A blot on our country's fair fame.

In the court was a mass of rich men,
Who to reveal the power of wealth
Seized the working-men's leader as victim,
And Hugh Dempsey was sent to the "pen."

He his comrades believed to be just
To all men loving peace—Master Workman
Knight of Labor, with all else a freeman,
Was struck down by command of the Trust.

He protested he'd done nothing wrong,
But for lucre the proof was forthcoming,
Which though false from the end to beginning,
Made the trial both weary and long.

'Twas conviction by clamor and strife,
And a piece of mock-trial injustice;
Yet in spite of the Trust a full pardon
Later brought him again to his wife.

To labor's side in this conflict was laid,
By the employers of those that were toiling,
And in the heat of furnace were broiling,
By the strike, their own beds they had made.

I've lived years in this world, and I know
There's always two sides to a fight;
And oft men ignore what is right
When they hastily strike the first blow.

It's easy for men to croak loud and long,
And to charge it as aggression,
Loud injustice and oppression,
For one to defend his property is wrong;

This is wrong—forever gross wrong;
All men should be fair,
Yet we know this is rare,—
For the weak cannot kill off the strong.

Zelia - The Homestead Strike.

As a rule courts are just—this I know;
But as ropes round the necks tighter draw
There are those that cry loud 'gainst law;
And against justice vile epithets throw.

It's a crime to condemn Truth and Right;
The sooner we learn this the better,
And all stand by the law to the letter,—
Then we'll move slow in forcing a fight.

THE PRISONER TO HIS WIFE.

Blest be thou my own Zelia,
Brightest star in my night,
Fairest flower of prairie,
And my only delight.

Blest be thou my own Zelia,
Thou art fair and so bright;
All my hopes are upon thee,
In my prison life's night.

True to me, Gem of Story,
Thou wilt always do right,
In this world false and fickle
And away from my sight.

I will trust thee for ever,
For to me thou art true,
Thou wilt turn from me never,
As all others might do.

As I lie in this prison,
Where I ought not to be,
And time drags oh! so slowly,
I am thinking of thee.

Three long years have gone by me
While I've slept in this cell,
How my heart aches for Zelia,
Only God can e'er tell.

And for wrongs I have done not,
Toil and suffer I must,
For their yoke is upon me,
And I'm down in the dust.

When men gain their lost reason,
They'll atone for the crime
That has robbed me of freedom,
May God hasten the time.

Zelia - The Homestead Strike.

Blest be thou my own Zelia,
For thy true love to me!
When these cell bolts are broken,
I'll live only for thee.

Happy days of thy girlhood!
Oh, how fresh to my mind!
Blest be thou my own Zelia,
Ever gentle and kind;

Now the wife of my bosom
Bringeth joy and a song,
For I hear of full pardon—
I'll see Zelia e'er long.

'Twas Hope's star ever shining
And devotion to thee,
That has saved me from dying
And a free man to be;

And so Good over Evil
In the end shall prevail,
It shall cast out the Devil,
It shall nevermore fail.

* * * * * *

THE WIFE'S RESPONSE.

How oft have I thought of my childhood's bright morning,
And the sweet merry years I then spent in my home
On the bank of Ohio's pellucid, blue waters,
Never dreaming of struggle in years yet to come.

Little known then were life's earnest battles,
And small were my thoughts of the years still to come;
Absorbed by the now, and with not the hereafter,
For nothing concerned me, if school tasks were done.

Overzealous in folly, with shame I remember,
How oft I refused to obey as I ought
The commands of my parents to be more consistent,
Disobey, as recalled, was remote from my thought.

'Twas the child in my make-up—I tried to control it,
I struggled and labored—my efforts were vain;

Zelia - The Homestead Strike.

Like all youths I was thoughtless—a zealot in folly,
And my frolicsome pranks never failed to bring pain.

All these acts of the girl I recall with regret,
'Twas the least of my thought to do ought but the right;
The reproofs of my mother I'll never forget,
God grant that these visions may fade from my sight.

But tho' giddy and prankish and oft inconsistent,
My conscience is clear that I've always been true
To my God and the right, I can challenge denial,
I'm ready to answer as all mortals must do.

Behold me a woman, dependent and helpless,
How oft have I longed for return of my youth!
Yet it comes not again though entreated in earnest,
And I bring to my rescue all weapons of Truth.

Oh, the tears, burning tears, I know now their full meaning!
Blinding tears from the depths of a soul sick and sore,
Arise in my heart though I try to repress them,
As I dream of the days which return never more.

On the tablets of stone Moses wrote for the ages
That the sins of the fathers to offspring entail;
For their wrongs we must suffer because of sin's wages,
But God willed it so, and His will must prevail.

In earth's pleasant places my lines have not fallen,
And the world's fairest flowers weren't strewn at my feet;
But of burdens and sorrows I've had my full portion,
Why murmur or waver at trials I meet?

How heartless the law! it is justice, not mercy,
To its mandates we all must in reverence bow,
Oh, the heart-strings it breaks and the homes that it darkens!
How black are the clouds which hang over me now.

Zelia - The Homestead Strike.

Not the cause, nor result of enforcement of justice,
Nor the wages of sin which does always breed pain;
But prejudice, passion and falsehood—deception,
Drove the light from my home to return not again.

From the days of my childhood the law I have reverenced,
And patriotism placed above all else besides;
But now I am persuaded that *caste* wields the sceptre,
That money is King, the while Truth is denied.

It pains to believe in the truth of these charges,
But nevertheless I'm persuaded they're true,
As freemen our voters *en mass* should denounce it,
And a change now demand—its our duty to do.

I've sat in our courts, which we style courts of justice,
And have seen men convicted by clamor and strife;

In the name of the law my own precious, good husband
Was torn from my heart and imprisoned for life.

There's a void in his life, and sad tears in his vision,
Still again o'er his path may the young roses twine;
Though sad that his light has been turned into darkness,
Yet he'll smile once again when he crosses the line.

'Tis the lot of mankind of all races to suffer,
And each, in his turn, must meet grief and pain;
But the one who sows tears in the line of his duty,
In the end, if he's true, shall rejoice once again.

Law is right, but a court, when it yields to a clamor
Is a farce, and it must be condemned by the mass;
Speed the day when our judges, our juries, our people,
Shall be ruled by their conscience, and not by a class.

Zelia - The Homestead Strike.

We boast of the freedom of speech by our people.
We talk of our right to denounce what is wrong;
Save the mark! for our laws let men trample
On the rights of the weak, by the wealthy and strong.

If justice were blind as in law is intended,
'Twould be cruel if mercy were pleaded for crime;
When men are oft punished for crimes done by others,
We complain then and murmur, 'tis nature—sublime.

'Tis true I'm a woman, but I speak for my people,
And my voice shall not cease to condemn what is wrong;
I'll cling to my spouse and denounce his opposers
To the end of my life, be it short or else long.

I have faith in the right, still our courts may deride it,
Though at times for its triumphs our hopes may be gone,

But inspired by the truth, in the end it must conquer,
For God wills it so, and His will must be done.

Though the waters are chilly and roll dark and turbid,
But the danger-line's past by the swell of the tide,
Many treasures of mine have gone down in the struggle,
Oh, I long for bland winds o'er the billows to ride!

Three years have I bathed in these sad, purple waters
That swept o'er my pathway, my hopes to deride;
Though they saddened my life, yet much good have I gathered,
While tossed to and fro by the murky, rough tide.

We are blind at the best, and care not for our blessings,
While our lives swell with joy as the years roll away;

Zelia - The Homestead Strike.

But when arrows fall thick and our bodies are
wounded,
Then we see the dark clouds as they darken
the day.

In this cold, cruel world God's own hand marks my
goings,
I'll trust to His guidance and sail o'er the sea;
For all of my broodings the clouds have a lining,
Through their rifts pipes a voice that is calling
to me:—

"Though wild is the tempest and dark is the
night,
Yet soon will the day-break be dawning;
Then the pleasures of yore will blossom once more,
And we'll all meet again in the morning."

* * * * * * * * *

THE PARDON.

How happy they who reach the place
Where sorrow's pangs are broken,
To rest within wife's loving arms
And cheerful words are spoken.

Since pardon came from men of State,
To them my heart is clinging,
I feel so joyful all the time,
How can I keep from singing?

"A light I never knew before
Around my path is breaking,
And cheerful songs of grateful praise
My raptured soul is waking."

I'm out again, I praise the day
When prison bolts were shifted—
Which made me free, ah! none can know
The load from me that's shifted.

How slowly one the lesson learns
To see the blow and feel the pain,
To smile and kiss the hand that spurns
And render only love again.

I'll be a man, I know I can,
As wife, my greatest treasure,
Forgives me all, the great, the small
Of wrongs I've done full measure.

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Zelia - The Homestead Strike.

HOME AGAIN.

My term within the prison's o'er, my longings there are through;
There I with convict's daily lived, to Warden I was true;
I staid so long within my cell, it grew to be like home,
The day they set to make me free, I thought would never come;
But Warden led me to the door, and gently cleared the way,
His word to me I'll ne'er forget, "You're going home to-day."

How glad I was, no one can know, the day that I came down
From Allegheny's hilly slope to my native, homely town;
How scenes have changed, how old they seem, new faces all around,
I scarcely knew a man I met—how strange was every sound;
The clothes I wore within my cell, I'll safely stow away,
And don the suit I used to wear, when I get home to-day.

My wife, good soul, how kind she is, came swiftly to the door,
Her arms around my neck she clasped—I'll leave her never more;
The lamp was in the window yet, she kept it there those years,
It ne'er went out, with her about, she cleansed it with her tears;
The vacant chair around the board, I filled the old-time way,
How happy was our place once more, when I got home that day!

We talk of Heaven yet to come, it seems to me it's here
Upon the earth—the sun-kissed earth—with those to us that's dear.
A peaceful home, a loving wife, good friends on every hand,
Is bliss supreme, unmeasured bliss, it's Heaven's own border-land;
"But let my creed be wrong or right, or be it as it may,"
The dearest spot I'll ever see, is the home I'm in to-day.

* * * * * * * * * *

Zelia - The Homestead Strike.

THE JOYOUS WELCOME.

With joyful hearty welcome,
Do I greet you dear, again,
Within that cheerless prison,
You suffered long with pain;
'Twas sad to be thus parted,
Yet it had to be that way,
My heart was always with you,
Every moment night and day.

I cannot now reproach you
For the burdens long I bore,
A Court it was decreed it,
And I hate it all the more;
My heart is filled with gladness,
For again we'll never part,
I welcome you, my husband,
Welcome, welcome to my heart!

Within that gloomy prison,
Was no touch of loving hand,
'Twas like across the ocean
In a strange and foreign land,

Without a smile to greet you,
Or a joy of social kind,
Nor arms of one to clasp you
Like the wife you left behind.

You're pale from long confinement,
And a sorrow marks your brow;
They'll not be long upon you,
For you're home with *me* right now;
'Twas cruel thus to part us,
And to fill our hearts with pain,
Tho' Right is slow in movement,
Yet it sent you home again.

With love and joy I greet you,
Oh! my heart is running o'er!
'Tis balm that's filled with healing
Just to see your face once more;
These weary years of waiting,
How I prayed for your return;
The wrongs done you by others,
How they caused my cheeks to burn!

The cruel strife is over,
And the bridge we've safely crossed,
The burdens we've been bearing
Unto others now are tossed;

Zella - The Homestead Strike.

Till death shall end our sorrows,
And all troubles here are past,
We'll dwell at home together—
May we meet above at last.

* * * * * * * * *

MORAL.

And the moral this legend doth teach is,
That the husband give heed to his wife;
For the world is both bold and inhuman
And at best is encompassed by strife.

Home alone is a haven, a refuge,
For the husband, a joyous retreat,
When from toils of the day he is weary
At the fireside his loved ones to greet.

The true love of a wife pure and gentle,
Should e'er be her husband's delight;
While he lovingly heeds her entreaty:
"Now, my dearest, don't stay out at night."

For all time it must not be forgotten:
'Twas the "stay-outs" that caused the big strike,
And that home is a lodge that should hold one
'Gainst enchantments that many so like.

This Old World which bids men *"Keep moving,"*
Surely spurns them as soon as they fall;
But one's wife like a vine will cling round him,
And her counsel's the safest of all.

Remember, she longs for thy greeting,
And thy smile is her star shining light;
In Home fortress, no shaft can there strike thee,
And good husbands won't stay out at night.

When your battles with Combines tyrannic,
Like a giant, old octopus Trust,
Be quite sure of your cause and your weapons,—
If you don't, it will grind you to dust.

A SUMMER SONG AMID THE HILLS.

I sat on the wall of a mineral spring,
The scarlet, old sun sinking low in the west;
A red-breasted robin with deep brownish wing,
With voice all melodious in song led the rest
In the chorus which came from the shadowy hill,
While the creek murmured on to the creaking, old mill.

There were myriads of birds in that musical throng
Ever vying with others to make themselves heard;
And the cows in the meadow were hurried along
In response to the call—the old milkman's one word—
And the bell of the shepherd had called his flock home,
And all drank 'neath the dam of the fluttering foam.

The old sun disappeared behind hills in the west,
And the birds flew away to their own woodland homes,

The Grist Mill.

Whilst the sheep and the cows lay contented at rest
Along side of the hills, with their towering domes;
But the mill ground away with a noisy old roll,
As the miller within doubtless took out his toll.

Ghostly, shadowy figures of vapor arose
From the water so still far above the old dam;
All of Nature around me had sunk to repose—
E'en the crystaline water flowed stealthy and calm
O'er the dam by the mill, as it sped like a dream,
To commingle at length in a mightier stream.

'Twas a summer of gladness 'mid gladsome old hills,
And of visions forgotten so long, long ago,—
Of a moon-wrought out marvel the which Nature yet fills
With the glamour, the glow, and the after-while glow;
'Twas a song of the summer so charmed o'er and o'er
Of bright visions profound, that will come never more.

AUGUST IN VIRGINIA.

An August in Virginia! Limp and languid month,—
'Tis suited best of all for lounging in the shade;
The wind, wind-weary, in its flight from farther South,
Expends itself so far, when needed here it's laid;
With slumbrous silence, space it fills around;
The hay-cart rolling down the dusty road moves slow;
The locust by the wall stabs quiet with his sound;
For monologue *ennui* it rivals all I know.

Less gaily flit the birds; their songs are not so sweet,
The brook, like rope of silver, winds slowly thro' the field;
The meadows, wide and bare, are crying from the heat;
In Sol's bedazzling rays, what mighty power's revealed!
Why don't he douse his glim with wireless speed?

All vim is wilted; languor lolls along the way;
And Oh! for voice of water-fall to fill one's need
By a singing lullaby, or other simple lay.

We'll seek a quiet nook for a calm resting place,
Where's music made by frogs, and brooklets sing a song;
To Katydids, cadenzas, crickets run a rapid race,
And draw their fiddle-bows in unisong along—
Give concerts with batrachian prelude from the reeds,
The *basso* singers holding seats in front by right;
Where basso Bull Frog, Old Profundo, always leads.
But the strongest point of all is the lovely summer night.

How sweet the spell beneath the copper-colored moon!
One breaks reluctantly from this enchanting scene,
Tho' roasting from the sun's all scorching heat at noon,
When forced to sit beneath his brilliant, glittering sheen.

'Tis, too, the month of maize, the rapid growing corn,
So rich with promise, joyful wakes the farmers' hearts;
The scent of pollen now upon the air is borne,
The hope of harvest rich in every breath it starts.

The grapes are ripening, the apples juicy red;
Bees humming drowsily all laden down with sweet,
Their offspring in their cells are gently put to bed,
For this demand of Nature, surely they must meet;
The goldenrod is gleaming, and water-lilies white,
Unwittingly they lie on green and stagnant ponds;
Old Nature true asserts herself o'er all, despite
The blazing heat embracing all within its bonds.

Thus August—gracious end—how e'er the cynic moans;
With nothing pleasing him, he journeys here below,
And sitting 'neath the shade lamenting loudly groans.

Tho' lavishly her bounties Nature doth bestow.
Our God intended all His children should embrace
On earth its richest gifts, amid its pushing throng;
But time is largely spent at such a rapid pace
We fail to make life happy rushing thus along.

HOPE.

O, fondest Hope, when thou art gone,
What peg is left to which I may cling?
The world is hurling all men on,
And yet there's something I may bring
To keep me in the way of Truth.
My steps are weary, yet I'm firm
In my belief that Truth must win;
As long as the lamp of life may burn
There's Hope that I shall enter in.
I shall not weep, nor shall I mourn,
Still less shall I give up the fight,
Till Hope eternal shall be borne
O'er earth and hell and Nature's night,
For Truth at last must win.

The Author at Sixty Years of Age.

MY CREED.

Precious Savior, Thou hast led me
Thus far in life's mystic way;
Tho', at times, 'twas sad and dreary,
Lowering clouds above me lay;
Yet withal it's been a pleasure,
Knowing always Thou wer't near,
Granting blessings without measure,
Aiding me to cast off fear.

Plan of Grace is simple, gentle,
Still 'tis hard to understand,
And I know Thy rod falls heavy
Lest I yield to Thy command
"Follow me"; yes, follow ever
'Long the way Thyself hast trod,
Knowing Thou'lt forsake me never,
But will lead me to my God.

Peter-like, far off I follow,
And like him I lose my way;
So with worship, faint and hollow,
Lips move only while I pray.

O, my Savior, I beseech Thee!
Lift me up to higher ground,
So that I, at all times, may be
In Thy cause and service found.

Day by day, kind Savior lead me,
Let me clasp Thy hand in mine;
My way is dim, I fail to see it,
Still I know Thou art divine.
Canst Thou not my sins forgive me?
Hear me O, Thou blessed Son!
Lift Thy voice and I shall hear it,
Gently lead me farther on.

Child of grace, though weak and weary,
Daily I shall struggle on,
May the way be sweet—not dreary,
Thou hast promised—Thou alone—
I may reach still higher, higher,
While the years are rolling on;
At Thy feet, my fond ambition,
Till the crown is safely won.

BRAINS.

Will you list, my dear reader, to what I shall say?
I am sure it will help you on life's thorny way:
What you need most to aid you in droughts and
in rains,
Is a stock of *gray matter* known better as brains.
Many get on, I know, by loud bragging and bluff
And these make-believe make-shifts they think are
enough
Care of self to propel; but before very long
The mistake they have made will sing a sad song.
Education is helpful and learning is great;
Both are aids in the races and conflicts of fate;
But clear brains mixed with business is far better
still
As equipment for missions important to fill.
And a character great's the most needful to man;
It will help him to rise, if arise he e'er can,
In the conflicts he meets; but whate'er be his gains
He's behind at the round-up unless he have brains.
That old purse lined with gold is most sought for
by all,
Tho' its ownership causes many thousands to fall

As they sail o'er the seas in vain quest for more
"stuff,"
And no matter how much, for 'tis never enough.
But far better than that is a brain-lined head—
Best asset of all, till we're rounded up dead.
Mental grip—mental poise, or the power to think;
It leads oft to the fountain of knowledge to drink.
Even mortar is better when 'tis mixed well with
brains;
For brains tower above folly as hills above plains;
As an aid to win battles in life's bitter strife,
I shall seek this gray substance the rest of my life.

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